

GOLD  
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

GE

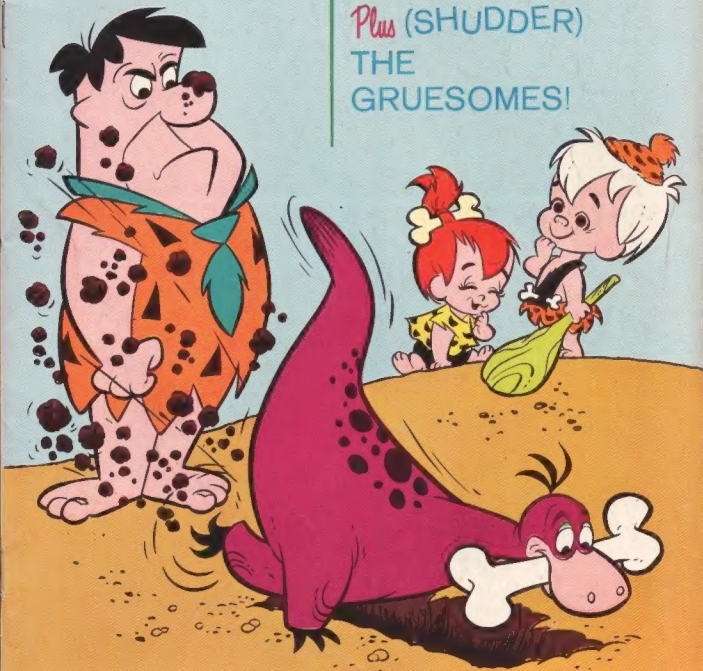
12c

HANNA-BARBERA

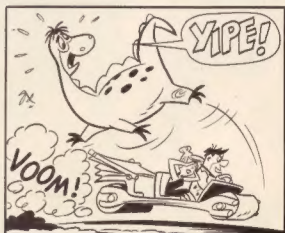
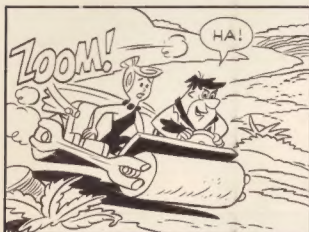
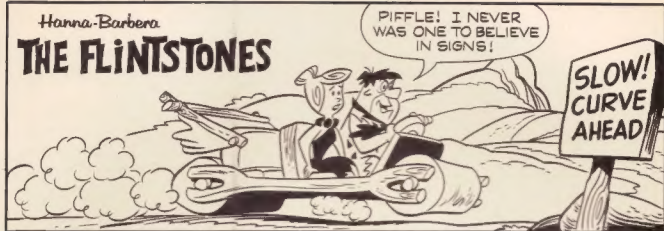
# THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMB-BAMB

Plus (SHUDDER)  
THE  
GRUESOMES!



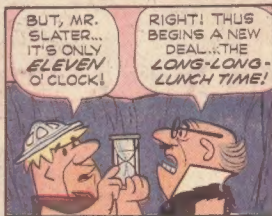
Hanna-Barbera  
**THE FLINTSTONES**



**K  
N  
K  
K!**



# IN QUEST OF A QUARRY

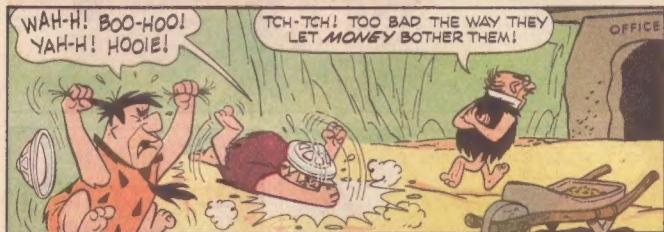


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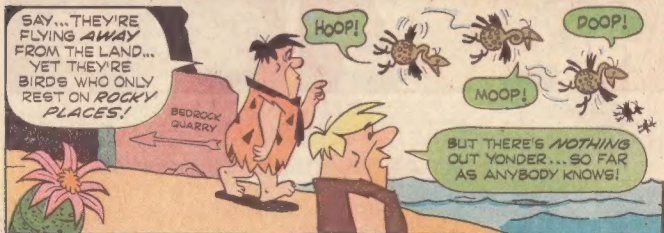
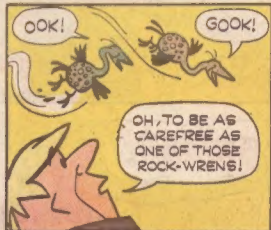
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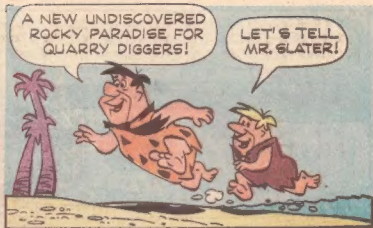
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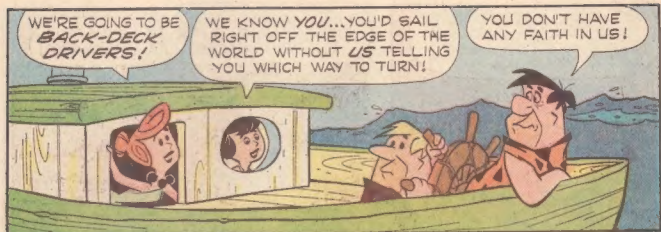




AND SO...THE LONG-LONG LUNCH TIME...

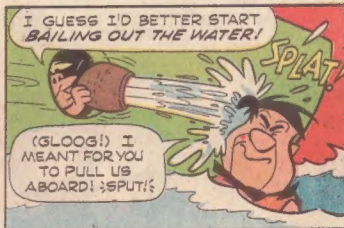






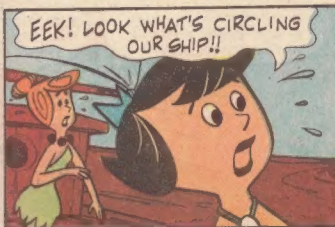
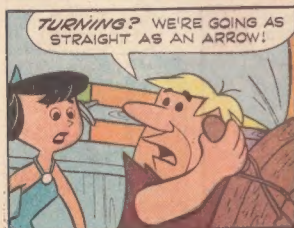
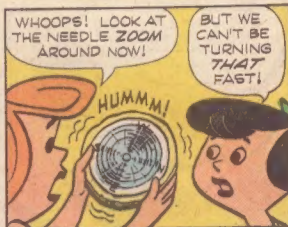
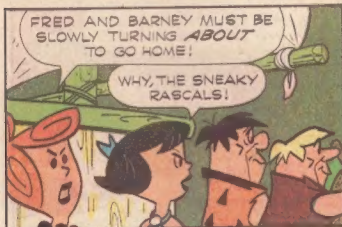
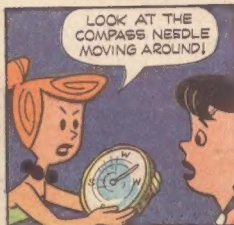
SO OFF THEY SAIL, INTO THE UNKNOWN REACHES OF CHOPPY BLUE...

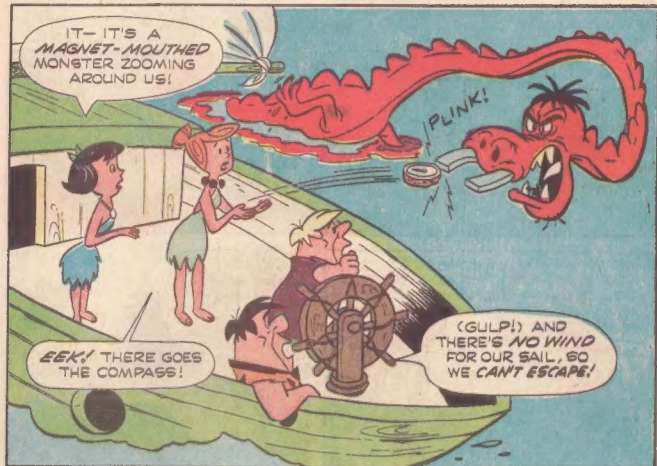






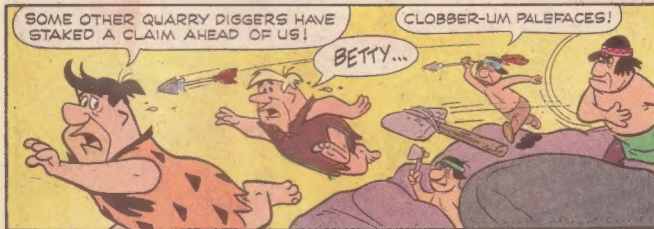
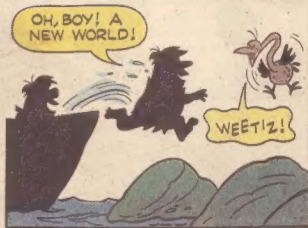
BUT  
AFTER  
THE  
STORM  
IS  
OVER...

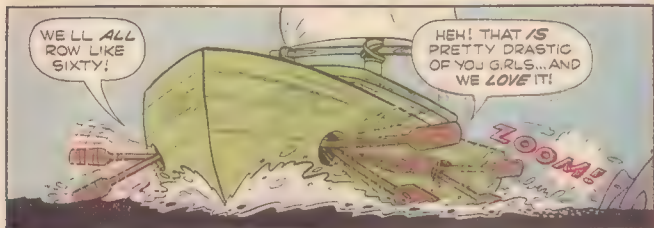
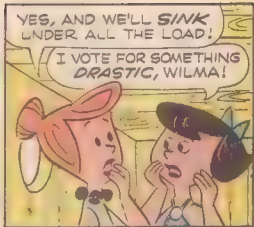
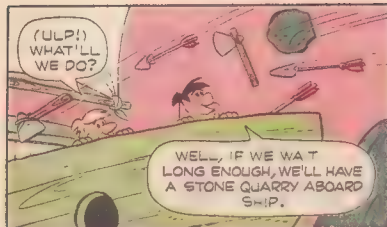




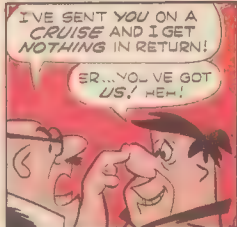
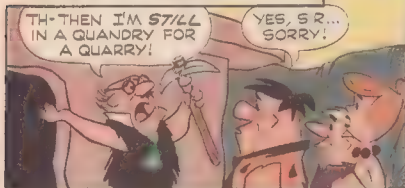


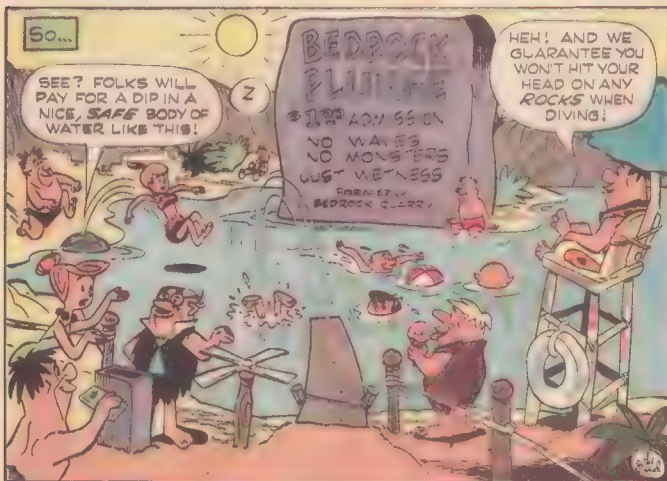
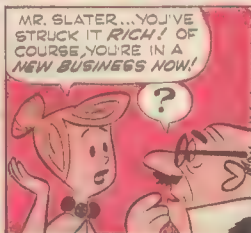
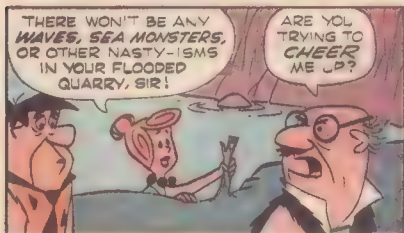
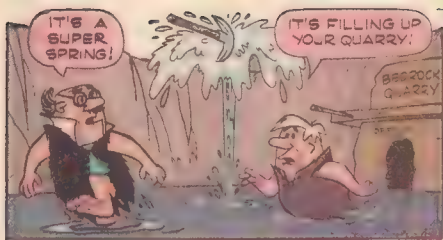
THEN, A BUNCH OF  
BLISTERS LATER...





BUT BACK AT BEDROCK QUARRY,  
MR. SLATER FLIPS HIS LIP...





Hanna-Barbara

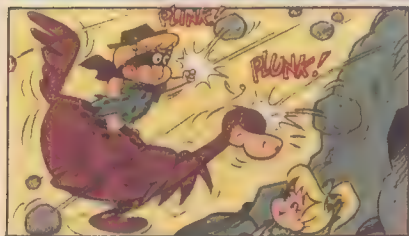
# CAVE KIDS

THE RARE  
REWARD

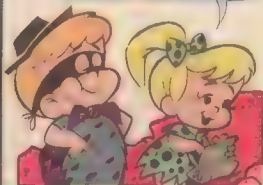
ROCKY  
RANGER,  
HERO OF  
GRANITE  
HEIGHTS,  
SWOOPS  
TO THE  
RESCUE  
AGAIN...

DIVE,  
FLAPPY!

**HALP!**  
AVALANCHE!  
**HALP!**



THANK YOU SO MUCH.  
NOW LET ME REWARD YOU.



HERE...I EMBROIDERED  
THE FLOWERS ON THE  
HANKY MYSELF.

ER...  
THANK  
YOU,  
MISS!

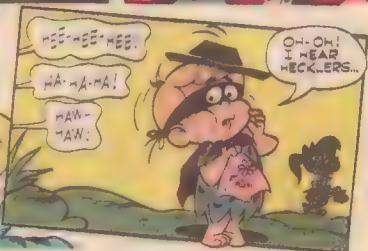


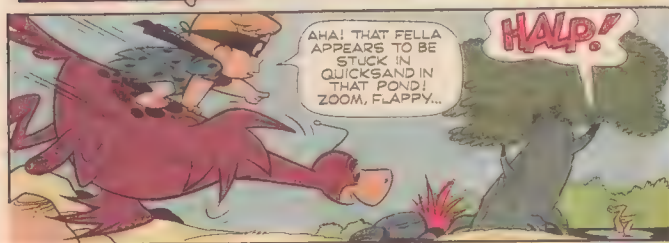
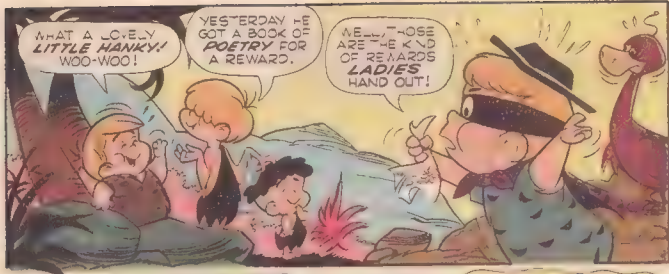
HA-HA-HA-HA!

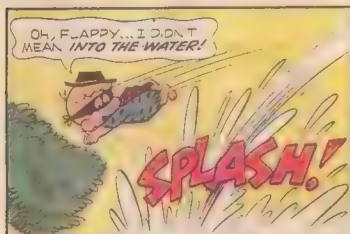
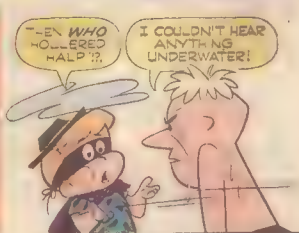
HA-HA-HA!

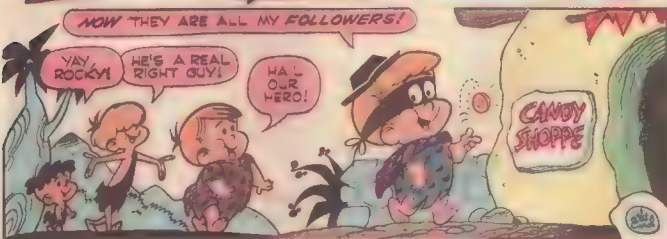
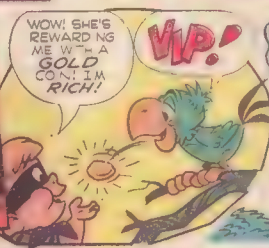
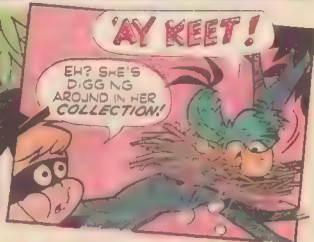
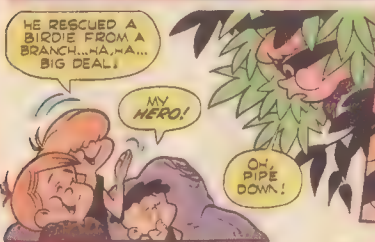
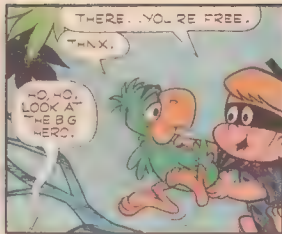
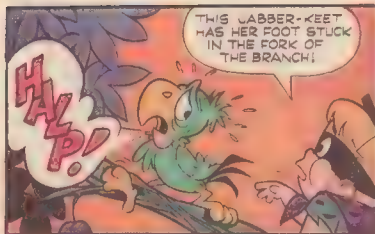
HAH-  
HAH!

OH-OH!  
I HEAR  
HECKLERS...









# TOO-GOOD DETECTIVE



Perry Gunnite was cooking some chili and beans in the back of his office, which was also serving as his home. Suddenly he heard the front door creak open.

"Anybody here?" a voice shouted. "I need help desperately!"

"Shucks," muttered Perry, "why do people always need help during my lunch hour?"

An elderly man was in the office. Perry recognized him as Professor Superthink, an inventor who lived nearby.

"Good day, sir!" said Perry. "I take it you require the services of a private investigator!"

"Well, I didn't come here to pick up my laundry!" the man snapped.

"Oh, that will be done this afternoon!" said Perry. You see, he took in laundry to supplement his income when business was slow—which was most of the time.

Suddenly the inventor sniffed the air.

"What is that delicious, drooly aroma?" he asked.

"Just some chili and beans I'm cooking!" replied Perry. "Would you like some?"

"WOULD I?" cried Professor Superthink. "That's my favorite food!"

Perry gave him a plateful, and between gulps the inventor explained his problem. Someone had just stolen a set of plans for his latest super-secret invention!

"Where were the plans?" asked Perry.

"In my safe!"

"Aha!" said Perry. "It looks like an inside job! Someone knew the combination!"

"No, no!" said the inventor, impatiently. "They stole the safe, too!"

"Hmmm!" mused Perry. "Was there anything else stolen?"

"Only a box of candy!"

Perry pondered a moment. "It sounds like Sweet-Tooth Seymour's M.O.!"

"What does M.O. mean?" the professor asked, gulping down more chili and beans.

"I dunno!" shrugged Perry. "Detectives always say it! Who am I to be different?"

(For Perry's information, M.O. means *Modus Operandi*—Method of Operation.)

Perry lost no time in picking up the culprit's trail, following a litter of candy wrappers from the laboratory to a dingy shack next door to a candy factory.

Bursting in through the door, he caught Sweet-Tooth Seymour in the act of removing the precious plans from the safe which he had just blown open.

"Caught in the act!" cried Perry triumphantly. "Unhand those plans!"

"Look, buddy," whined Seymour, "in case you don't know it, I did you a favor by stealing these plans!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Perry.

Seymour handed over the plans. "I mean this," he growled, "these are plans for an automatic detective!"

"An automatic detective?"

"Yes!" put in Professor Superthink. "It's a machine that you feed clues into, and it automatically comes up with the solution to a crime!"

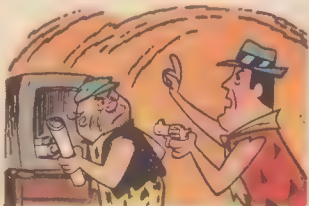
"Oh, no!" Perry groaned. "What have I done? I've put myself out of business!"

"Not exactly!" said the professor as he tore up the plans. "I'm giving up the idea of building an automatic detective!"

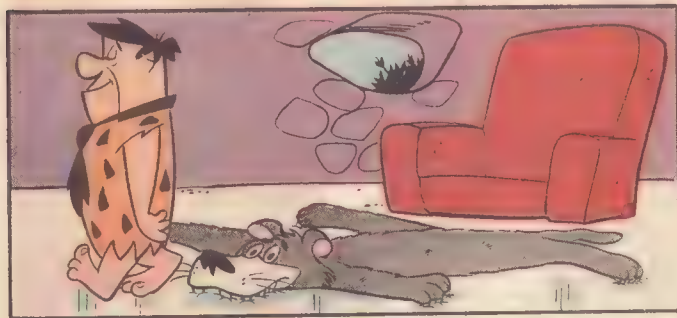
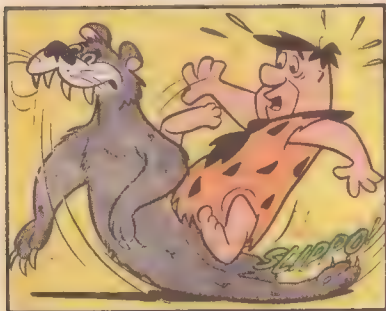
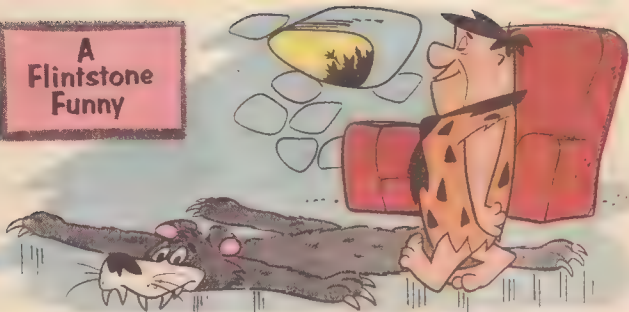
Perry brightened. "You mean I'm better than a machine?"

"Not necessarily," replied the inventor.

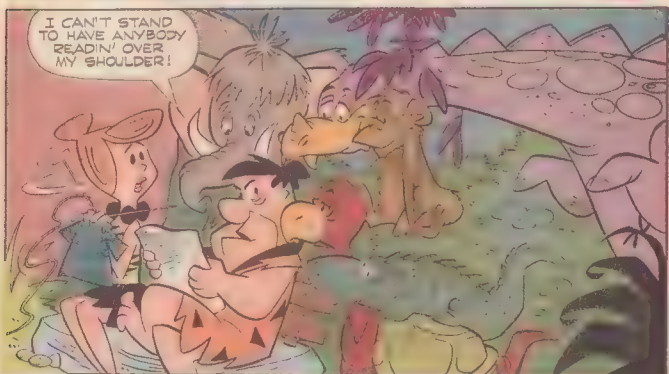
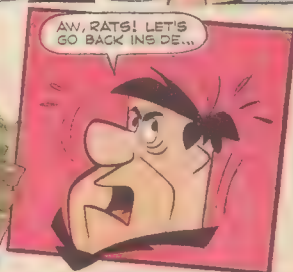
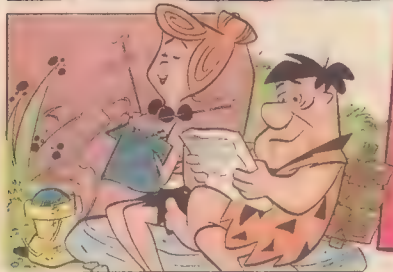
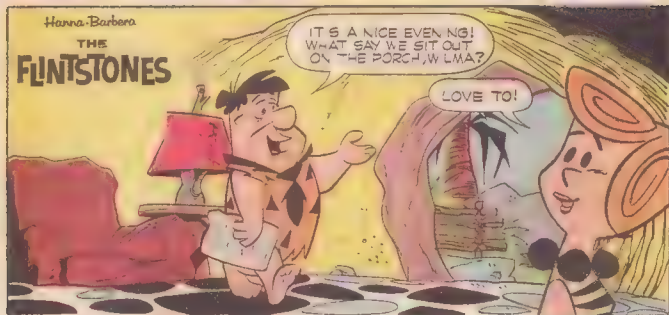
"But I'm sure that no machine could cook chili and beans the way you do! Let's go back to your office for some more!"



A  
Flintstone  
Funny



Hanna-Barbera  
THE  
**FLINTSTONES**

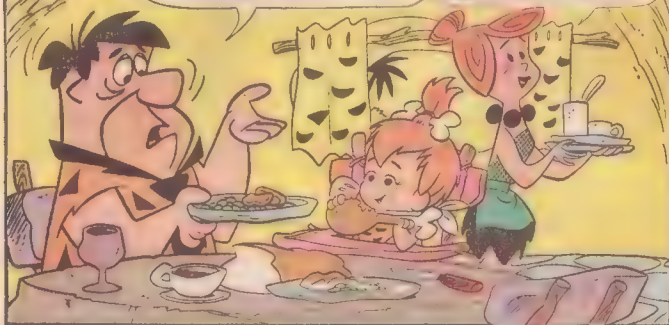


Hanna-Barbara THE FLINTSTONES

# Beef Stew, I Love You

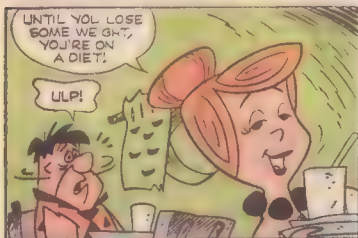
HEY, I MUST HAVE PEBBLES' PLATE!  
WHY, THERE'S NOT ENOUGH FOOD ON HERE  
TO FEED A BIRD!

THAT'S YOUR PLATE, DEAR... I'M  
JUST CUTTING DOWN ON YOUR  
MEALS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.



UNTIL YOU LOSE  
SOME WEIGHT,  
YOU'RE ON  
A DIET!

UHP!



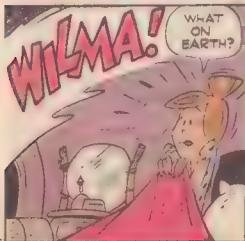
LATER...

WELL, SHE CAN  
CUT DOWN ON  
MY MEALS, BUT  
MY MIDDNIGHT  
SNACKS ARE  
UP TO ME!



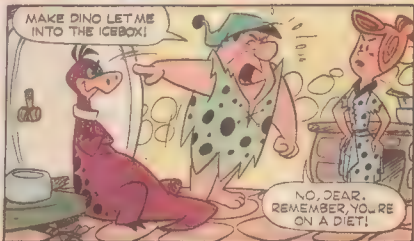
# WILMA!

WHAT  
ON  
EARTH?



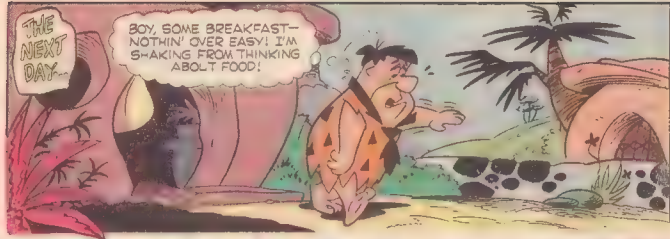
MAKE DINO LET ME  
INTO THE ICEBOX!

NO, DEAR.  
REMEMBER, YOU'RE  
ON A DIET!

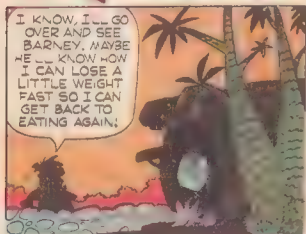


THE  
NEXT  
DAY...

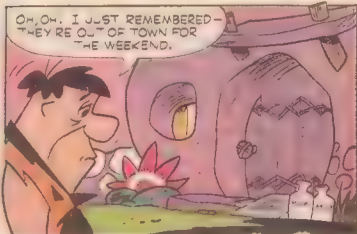
BOY, SOME BREAKFAST-  
NOTHIN' OVER EASY! I'M  
SHAKING FROM THINKING  
ABOUT FOOD!



I KNOW, I'LL GO  
OVER AND SEE  
BARNEY. MAYBE  
HE'LL KNOW HOW  
I CAN LOSE A  
LITTLE WEIGHT  
FAST SO I CAN  
GET BACK TO  
EATING AGAIN!



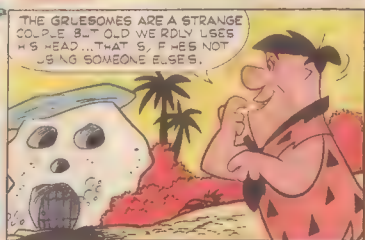
OH, OH. I JUST REMEMBERED-  
THEY'RE OUT OF TOWN FOR  
THE WEEKEND.



THIS IS  
HORRIBLE, HM,  
SPEAKING OF  
HORRIBLE-ANY  
NOT? MAYBE  
MY OTHER  
NEIGHBORS  
ARE HOME.

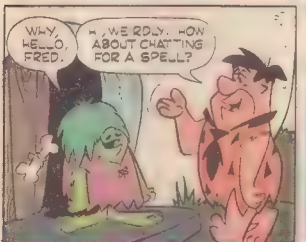


THE GRUESOMES ARE A STRANGE  
COUPLE BUT OLD WEDDLY USES  
HIS HEAD...THAT IS, IF HE'S NOT  
USING SOMEONE ELSE'S.



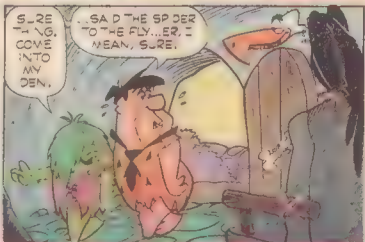
WHY,  
HELLO,  
FRED.

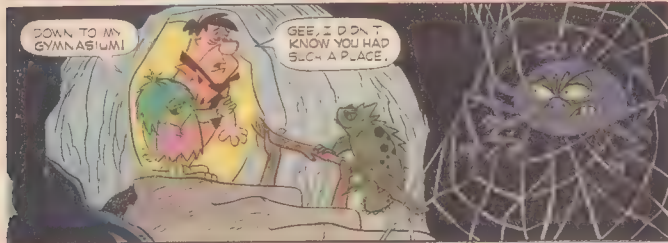
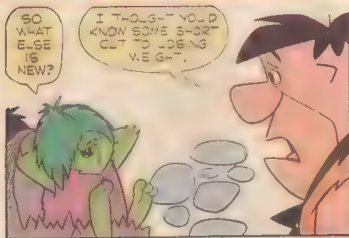
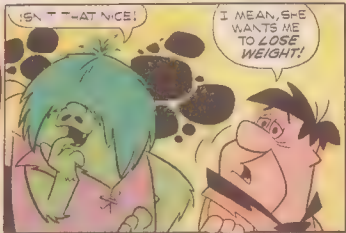
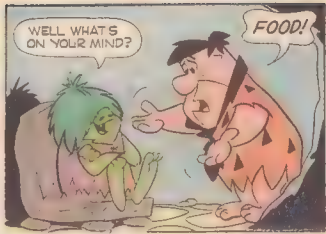
HM, WEDDLY. HOW  
ABOUT CHATTING  
FOR A SPELL?

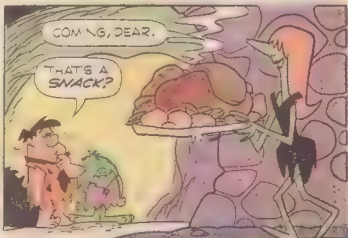
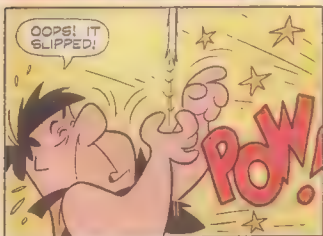
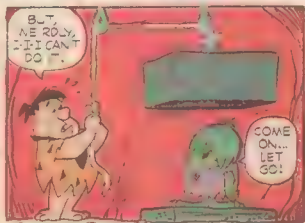
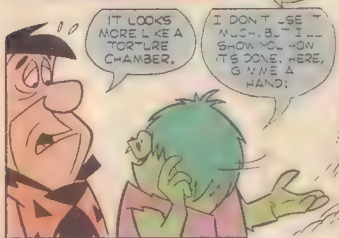


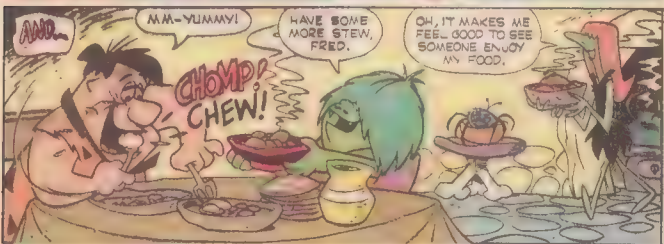
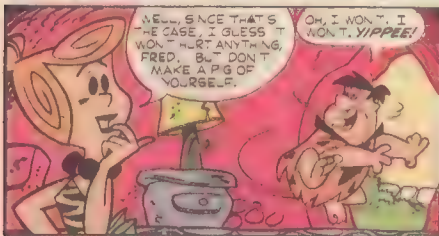
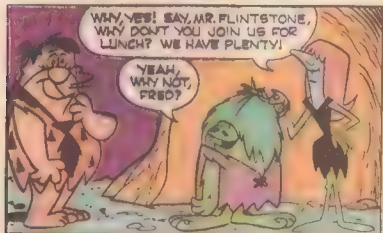
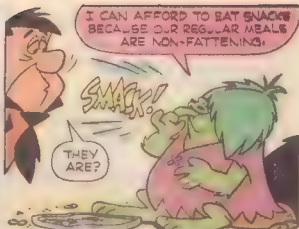
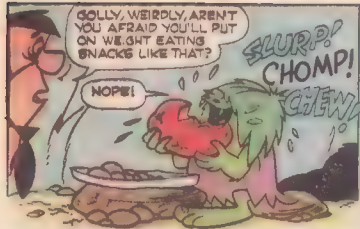
SURE  
THING.  
COME  
INTO  
MY  
DEN.

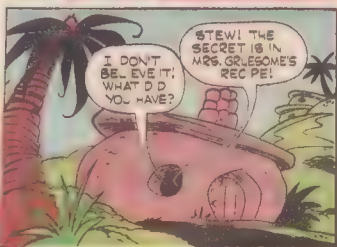
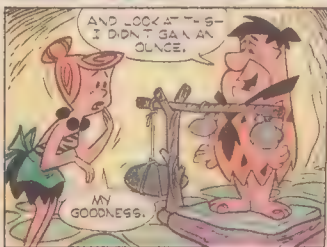
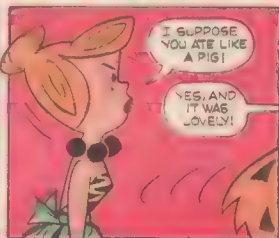
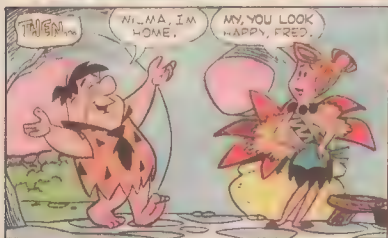
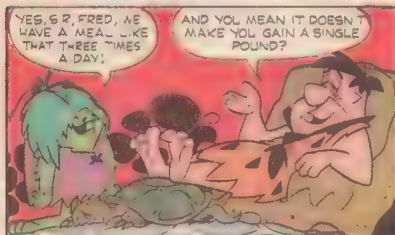
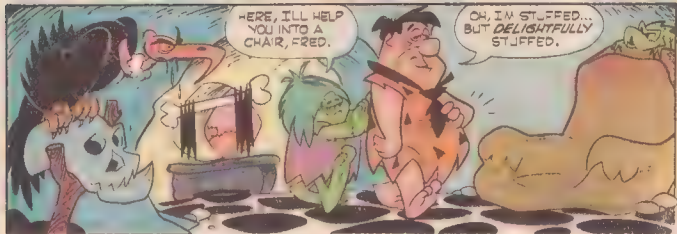
...SAYED THE SPIDER  
TO THE FLY...ER, I  
MEAN, SURE.

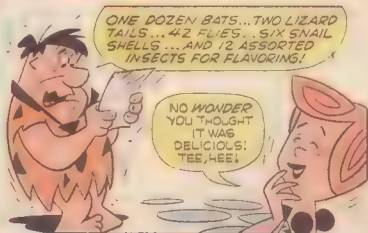
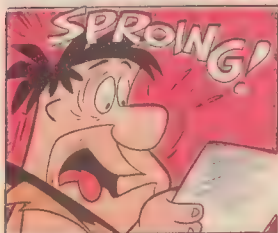
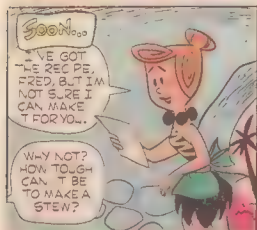
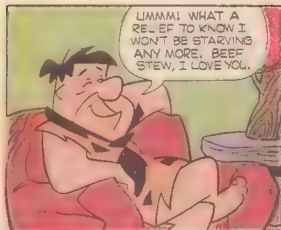
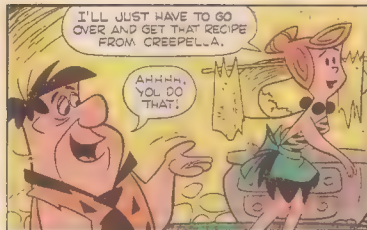












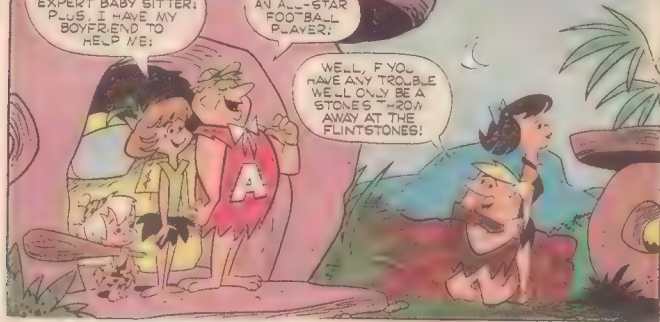
Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

# ROCK-A-BYE BEDLAM

DON'T WORRY,  
MR. RUBBLE... I'M AN  
EXPERT BABY SITTER!  
PLUS, I HAVE MY  
BOYFRIEND TO  
HELP ME!

AND I'M  
AN ALL-STAR  
FOOTBALL  
PLAYER!

WELL, IF YOU  
HAVE ANY TROUBLE  
WE'LL ONLY BE A  
STONES' THROW  
AWAY AT THE  
FLINTSTONES!



IT'LL BE  
A MIRACLE  
IF THEY CAN  
HANDLE  
BAMM-BAMM.

BUT THAT  
FOOTBALL  
PLAYER WAS  
PRETTY BIG,  
BARNEY.

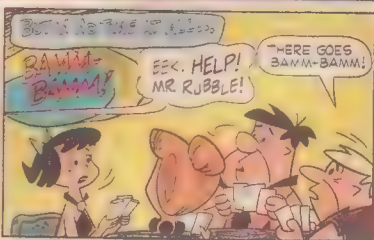


BAMM-BAMM-BAMM!

BAMM-  
BAMM!

ECK. HELP!  
MR. RUBBLE!

THERE GOES  
BAMM-BAMM!



COMING!

SORRY  
FRED...  
WILMA.

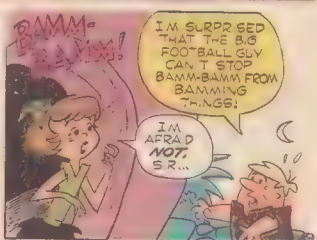
IT'S  
STORY  
TIME  
FOR  
ME!

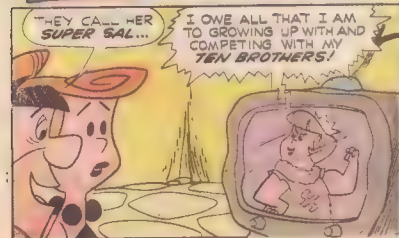
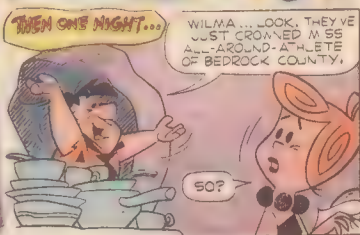
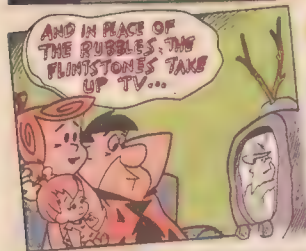
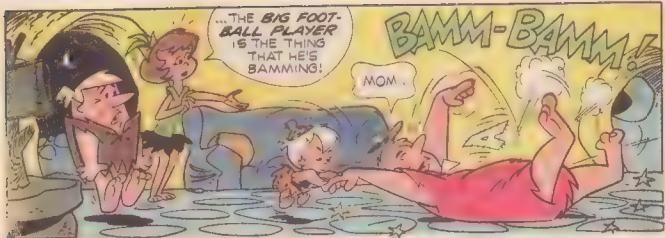


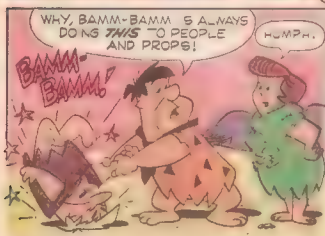
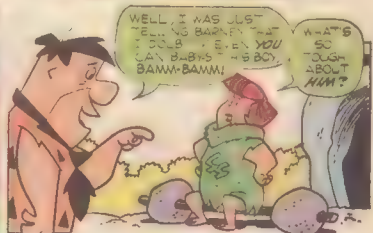
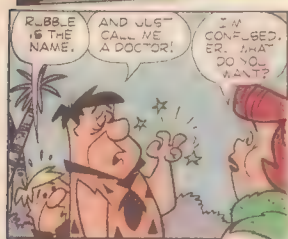
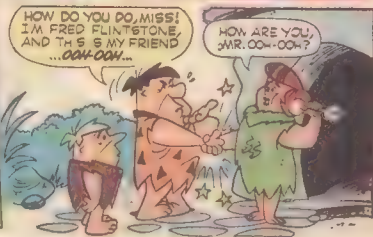
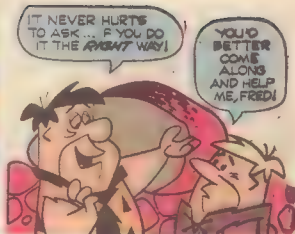
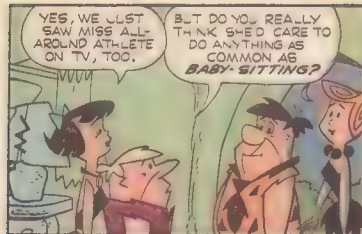
BAMM-  
BAMM!

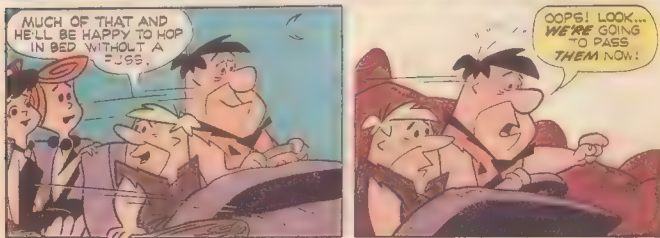
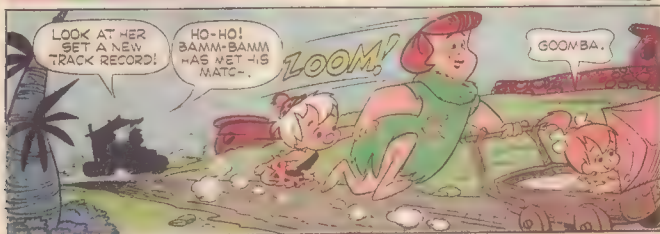
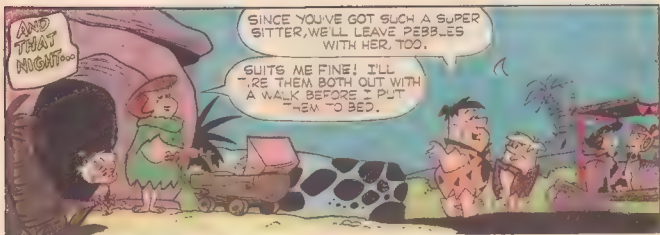
I'M SURPR SED  
THAT THE BIG  
FOOTBALL GUY  
CAN'T STOP  
BAMM-BAMM FROM  
BAMMING  
THINGS!

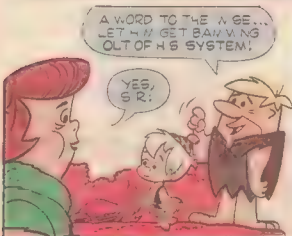
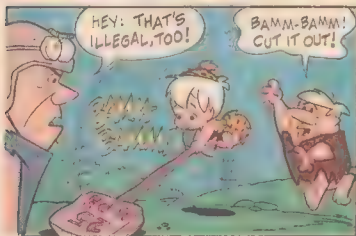
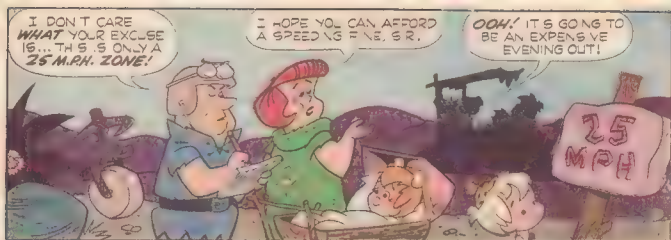
I'M  
AFRAID  
NOT,  
SR...













BAMM-BAMM AND I  
ARE SEEING WHO CAN  
BAMM PETRIFIED  
LOGS THE MOSTEST!

BAMM-  
BAMM!

BAMM-  
BAMM!

SMART GIRL!  
THAT SHOULD  
GET HIM  
GOOD AND  
TIRED!



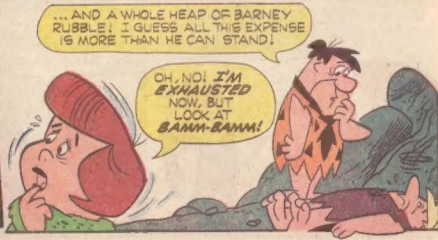
AND THAT'LL BE A FIFTY-BUCK  
FINE FOR DESTROYING SCENIC  
SIGHTS OF THE PETRIFIED PARK  
TO GRAVEL!



ER... NOW YOU'VE  
GOT A **WHOLE**  
HEAP OF  
SCENIC STUFF!

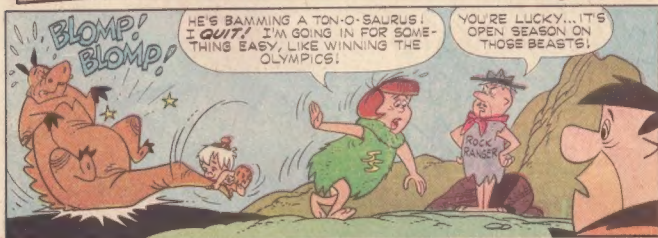


THUD!



... AND A WHOLE HEAP OF BARNEY  
RUBBLE! I GUESS ALL THIS EXPENSE  
IS MORE THAN HE CAN STAND!

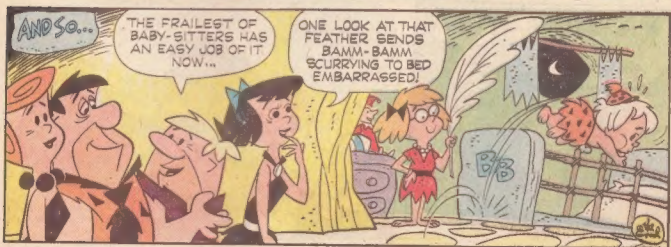
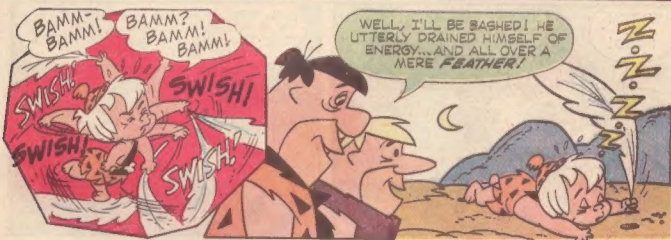
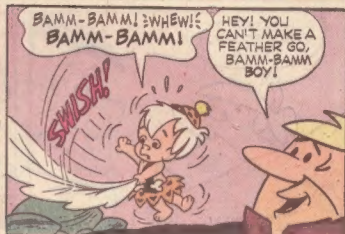
OH, NO! I'M  
**EXHAUSTED**  
NOW, BUT  
LOOK AT  
BAMM-BAMM!

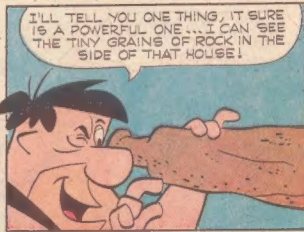


BLOMP!  
BLOMP!

HE'S BAMMING A TON-O-SAURUS!  
I **QUIT!** I'M GOING IN FOR SOME-  
THING EASY, LIKE WINNING THE  
OLYMPICS!

YOU'RE LUCKY... IT'S  
OPEN SEASON ON  
THOSE BEASTS!





Hanna-Barbera  
THE  
**FLINTSTONES**

HERE COMES THE  
BUS, BARNEY!

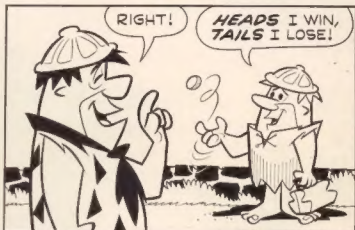
YEAH, AND IT  
LOOKS LIKE  
JUST TWO  
SEATS LEFT!



I'LL FLIP YOU TO SEE WHO  
GETS THE BEST SEAT!

RIGHT!

**HEADS I WIN,  
TAILS I LOSE!**



HEADS, *I* WIN!



AND  
TAILS,  
I LOSE!

BEDROCK  
BUS CO.

